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FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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The Boy who was Afraid.

A COLONEL PEPPERPOD STORY.

BY GRACE DOWNEY TINKHAM.

"O H, hurry, Joey! Run! Run!" Dolly, Joe's sister, danced up and down on the porch of their little house, which stood in a lonely spot back of Twilliger Hill, and excitedly called her advice through the rain as she saw Joe round the corner on his way home.

"What a downpour!" exclaimed she, when Joe bounded up on the porch beside her. "And how black the sky looks over the city!"

"I wouldn't wonder if there'd be a heavy storm to-night," said Joe, following his sister into the house and hanging his wet coat and cap on the hook back of the stove. Then anxiously, "How has Mother been to-day, Dolly?"

The little girl's pretty face took on a grave expression. She was eight, two years younger than Joe, but very much of a little woman, nevertheless. Times before she had cared for her mother through illnesses and she knew what they meant.

"Mother keeps saying that she will be all right," Dolly replied. "But she has eaten hardly anything the whole day, and she looks very pale, I think."

At once Joe went into the room where his mother lay. He drew a chair close to the bed, sat down, and took her hand.

"Aren't you the least bit better, Mother?" he asked. "Isn't there something Dolly and I can do?"

"Just rest and quiet I am sure is all I need," reassured she. "And there is nothing you and Dolly can do, Joey, except attend to the work about the house. But I do not need to remind you to fill the woodbox, and carry water from the well. You are always so good about doing your chores! I am really proud of you, Joey—really very proud of you!"

Joe left his mother's side, emptied his pockets of the pennies he had made that day selling papers, and placed them in an earthen jar on the dresser, where they always went to help pay for his clothing and Dolly's. Since Mother, Dolly, and he had had to care for themselves, Joe had contributed unselfishly to the family's support; in fact, Joe had tried very hard to take the place left vacant by his good father.

In the little shed back of the kitchen Joe started work on the kindling for the morning, but frequently stopped to peer out at the rain and watch the wind bending and rocking the tall pines in the grove beyond, and listen to it whistling wildly about the little house.

"There's every sign that we're in for a bad night," Joe remarked to Dolly as she came out to shake the tablecloth from the back steps. "I'm glad I don't have to go out in it! I'm certainly glad!"

"Why, I think it would be great fun to



SKIING IN THE ALPS.

put on a big coat and go out in a storm. I just love to feel the wind sweeping about me and pelting the rain against my face," declared Dolly. "Of course, Mother would never let me go out into anything as bad as this; but I know it would be all sorts of fun, just the same!"

Joe did not answer. He was busy thinking:

"I bet she wouldn't think it was such jolly sport after dark, though! And you don't either—old fraidy! It's a good thing Mother and Dolly don't know what a coward you are! Mother would never be proud of you again—that's certain! . . . Afraid of the dark, and always have been! Ugh! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Often before had Joe upbraided himself in this manner. Very earnestly indeed had he struggled to conquer his fear. But to no avail! The dark continued to hold great terror for him, and the only way in which he found he could save himself the torture was to avoid it as much as possible. And how Joe condemned himself for doing that! Why, it was like running away from something! It wasn't right at all!

Dolly lay sound asleep in her little bed when Joe kissed his mother good-night, drew the bedclothes well up around her narrow shoulders, and went to his room. As he entered and reached up to turn on the electric light, it flickered feebly and died out. Joe groped his way back to the other room.

"The storm has put out the lights in this part of the city," he told his mother, and made for the kitchen, where he found an old candle in the cupboard, touched a match to it and stuck it in the neck of a bottle and placed it upon the stand be-

side his mother's bed. As he did so, he saw how very white and still she seemed, and, in a panic, wakened Dolly.

"We must do something," declared he fearfully. "Mother is awfully sick!"

Dolly leaped from her bed and ran to her mother.

"We'll have to have a doctor," she said rapidly to Joe. "Oh, if we only had a telephone! You'll have to go to the nearest house where there is one—Colonel Pepperpod's on Twilliger Hill!"

For a brief second Joe's eyes left his mother's face and turned to that blackness without. He was cold with fear. To go out into that awful, awful dark! How could he ever do it—how could he ever— But he swiftly snatched his cap and coat from the hook back of the stove, pulled them on, and started out.

At once the wind screamed up to him and tugged at his clothing and beat the rain across his face until it stung. Joe crouched back against the porch.

"I can't—I can't!" he shuddered. "I can't go—I'm afraid—afraid!"

For a few seconds he stood there trembling; then he jerked his shoulders back violently and gritted his teeth.

"You got to!" he ground out at himself. "You old coward! You got to—for Mother!" And with that Joe plunged from the steps into the wind and the rain and the blackest of nights.

The way that led to the jolly little colonel's home, Joe knew very well. Many a happy hour he had spent there with Trix, Jimmy, and Scraps. But the wind pulled and buffeted him so, and the rain so nearly blinded him that Joe wondered anxiously if he would ever be able to hold stanchly to the path.

Down a steep incline he now sped

through mud and water up to his shoetops, and picked up the little trail that stretched through the grove of pine. Joe halted at the edge of that small black forest; he could hardly see his hand before his face. He listened, with fast beating heart, to the wind crying in the treetops, and when a branch swept out and brushed his cheek Joe yelled and would have turned and fled, but said something loud and angry to himself and grimly trudged on.

Across a cornfield, in which the tall stalks bowed and rattled and waved, Joe made his way; past a small shack where tramps sometimes slept; and finally he had to cross the untidy garden of an old vacant house. It was a queer-looking place, with gloomy windows and doors and tall turrets. Joe wondered now if it were not haunted.

"Aw, there are no such things as ghosts!" he told himself crossly. "Mother says so!"

And, shivering, Joe yanked his cap lower over his eyes and broke into a run. As fast as he could he stumbled through the weed-grown old garden, and on and on until he felt the cement sidewalks of Twilliger Hill beneath his hurrying feet. At top speed he turned into the street where lived the little colonel, and a second later was pressing the electric button at his front door.

"Why, bless me, it's Joe!" exclaimed Colonel Pepperpod, drawing the dripping, cold little figure into the warm hall. "Is something the matter, sonny?"

Joe told him as swiftly as he could tumble out his words, and just as swiftly the colonel ran to the telephone.

"Now," said he returning to Joe, "the doctor will be there in jiffy, and we will too; for you, Aunt Plumey, and I shall jump into my machine and get there as quickly as ever we can! And with so many loving, willing hands to do for her, Mother is sure to be all right!"

Late that night, Joe slipped from his bed and peeped into the room where his mother now peacefully slept. The doctor had gone, also the little colonel; only good Aunt Plumey, Colonel Pepperpod's sister, remained to keep watch through the night.

"Pretty brave, eh, to start out in that storm alone," the doctor had said to Joe. "Aren't you afraid of the dark?"

And before he could reply, the colonel had cut in briskly, as was his fashion:

"Why, of course not! Afraid of the dark? Such a silly thing as that? Why, Doctor, Joey Gibbs, let me tell you, isn't afraid of anything. He's the man of the house, you understand—the man of the house!"

Joe thought of that again and it thrilled him. He went to the window and stared out. The city was still wrapped in blackness, but no longer had it any terror for Joe.

He laughed as he hopped into bed and snuggled down between the blankets.

"Well, young fellow," he whispered to himself, "you found out that the only way to stop being afraid is to walk right up to the thing you're afraid of, didn't you? If you hadn't chased out to-night in that dark, you'd have gone on being afraid of it—forever, I suppose! Huh! It didn't hurt you! You know now, it couldn't! The old dark! It makes me

laugh! It'll have a fine time now scaring the man of the house," he murmured sleepily,—"the man of the house!"

The Books Men Like.

WHEN father reads to us at night,
With sister cuddling on his lap,
She doesn't get the meaning right,

I'm sure, because she takes a nap!
And mother sits and rocks and sews

And smiles where smiles don't come! I
guess

She really doesn't hear; I s'pose

She's planning out another dress!

But father says it takes a man

Like him or else a boy like me

To 'preciate good books! I can

(You bet I can!), and so can he!

We like "Huck Finn" and "Ivanhoe"

And "Treasure Island" too and then

The "Jungle Books"—because, you know,

They're really books for boys and men!

There's life and fun in books like those

And danger too and p'raps a fight!

(But sister sleeps, and mother sews,

When father reads to us at night!)

HELEN COWLES LE CRON,
in the Youth's Companion.

The Disobedient Little Dog on Candlemas Day.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

THE little dog's name was Pepper-'n'-salt. He belonged to a small boy named Andy and to Andy's baby sister Isabel. He lived with them in a little house under a hill. The hill was really a high, steep bluff back of the house, so high and steep it was all that Andy could do to climb to the top in the summer when he could pull himself up by roots of trees and stepping-stones. There was no road to the high ground nearer than half a mile from the house where the bluff went downhill to meet the road and give horses and automobiles a chance to go up.

Early, early on Candlemas Day, and as you may know, that is the second day of February, when the ground hog, and he is a woodchuck, is expected to come out and look for his shadow,—early, on that day, Andy said to the little dog:

"What would you rather do, Pepper-'n'-salt, go with me to Grandpa's or stay at home with Isabel?"

When Andy said the word "go," Pepper-'n'-salt began to bark and prance about like a little crazy dog.

"Lie down, sir, and be good," Andy advised his pet, "because if you are going with us to Grandpa's you must behave. And Pepper-'n'-salt, I'll tell you something: this is the day the ground hog will come out to see his shadow. If he sees his shadow that will mean that we shall have six weeks more of cold weather and the old ground hog will have to take another long nap!"

Pepper-'n'-salt listened quietly only because he had to,—he longed to bark continually; but Andy made him lie down and keep still, and not even speak when he was spoken to.

It was a clear, cold morning, with a hard shining crust everywhere over the snow. When Andy had climbed into the sleigh beside his father, and the bells jingled every time the horses shook their heads, Andy called to his baby sister:

"Be sure and look out of the window, Isabel, because when we have traveled a mile I'll get out of the sleigh and wave my hand to you from the top of the bluff!"

"I wish Pepper-'n'-salt would stay with me," Isabel said. "Come, doggie, doggie, come doggie—doggie—doggie!"

Pepper-'n'-salt was barking so loud he didn't hear the little sister: away he went in front of the horses, so carefree and happy it made Isabel laugh to see him.

Half a mile the horses traveled along, sleigh bells jingling, little dog barking, father whistling, small boy happy too; then they began climbing the hill more slowly. At the top of the bluff back of the little house where Isabel was watching at the kitchen window, Andy's father said "Whoa!" to the horses. Out jumped Andy, with the little dog at his heels.

"Back, sir, go back and stay with the horses!" Andy said to the little dog. "It is a slippery, slide-y morning and you must not come with me! Go back, Pepper-'n'-salt, go back!"

If the little dog had obeyed, he might have seen the old ground hog that day, because Andy saw him when he and his father were driving through the woods this side of his Grandfather's farm.

The dog stood still until Andy reached the edge of the bluff, where he was soon holding tight to a tiny maple tree with one hand while he waved with the other. Then the disobedient little dog went bounding after Andy. The funny thing that happened then was exactly what Andy had known would happen.

The crust over the snow was a clear sheet of ice. Andy would have gone sliding over the bluff too if he hadn't walked carefully and kept tight hold of that maple tree. When the little dog reached the smooth, rounding, icy edge of the bluff, over he went and down he went. He didn't intend to go over and down, either, but braced his four feet far apart and tried his little dog best to keep from sliding down that hill! It couldn't be done! Down, down went the little dog.

Pepper-'n'-salt had been trotting along for a mile to get to the top of that hill, but he slid down in just no time at all, on his four unwilling feet.

Andy laughed until he had to cling to the maple tree with both hands for fear he would slide down too and his father would be compelled to drive on alone to Grandpa's! Isabel laughed until her mother came running to see the fun; then of course she laughed.

The only one that didn't think it was a joke was little dog Pepper-'n'-salt, who had to stay home all day with Isabel because he didn't obey his kind young master.

"Wasn't it funny to see Pepper-'n'-salt go down the toboggan slide!" were the first words Andy said when he reached home that night.

All the family laughed at that except Pepper-'n'-salt. He looked so sad and thoughtful that Andy patted him on the head and said:

"You are a good little dog now, Pepper-'n'-salt, such a good little doggie!"

The little dog wagged his tail: and if ever a dog promised to be good ever after, it was that little dog Pepper-'n'-salt, who had the surprise of his life, all on a Candlemas Day!

Luigi's Flagpole.

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN.

ALEC and Russel had hurried home from school to pick up every scrap of paper and rake the lawn and pull some weeds from the gravel path. To-morrow was a school holiday, and their father had promised the boys a special treat for that if the yard was spick-and-span when he came home at night.

"We'll put up my new flag at sunrise, too," said Alec, proudly, as he crawled after another weed. Grandfather had given Alec the nice bunting flag when he had a birthday last week, and it had not yet been pulled up into the sunshine.

"We can't play this afternoon," said Russel, when Miles came running across the lawn he was raking.

"I wasn't asking you to play!" panted Miles, who was very short of breath after his run, and his sentences came in jerks. "It's very important. Luigi is cutting down his flagpole—I mean, he is getting ready to cut it down. He says he doesn't want a flag!"

Alec and Russel were too indignantly surprised to say a word. They just stared at Miles. Why, how would Luigi dare to even think he didn't want a beautiful American flag for the pole which had been left in his yard by the people who had lived at that place before?

"He says he won't ever have an American flag," went on Miles. "He was very angry because some of the boys laughed at his way of speaking English; and they laughed at the smelly kinds of food he eats; and they said things about people from the country where he was born carrying a red flag that means bad things. I was ashamed to be with those boys, and when I went back alone to Luigi's there he was with an ax, and all I said didn't make him change his mind about cutting down the pole so he couldn't ever have a flag."

"We must stop him!" said Russel, dropping his rake. "I'll go and put my arms right around the pole."

"I know a better way than that to stop him!" cried Alec, jumping up. "He never would dare cut that pole down, with a flag flying at the top. We'll go right there and pull up my flag."

Alec got his flag from its place and ran ahead with it in his arms. Russel and Miles were at his heels when he turned the corner of the village street where several Italian families lived. Luigi's home was the second cottage from the corner, and there he was crossing the yard toward the slender flagpole, with a bright-bladed ax in his hands. Alec reached the pole first, and before Luigi guessed what was going to happen, his visitors had tied the flag to the loose halyards, and the folds of red and white and blue were shaking out in the sunshine over their heads as Alec pulled the rope.

"I cutta da pole!" screamed Luigi, angrily.

"Wait two minutes," said Russel.

"It is mine pole for da kindling!" cried Luigi, raising his ax so the blade glittered in the sunshine.

"The flag belongs to all of us," said Alec. "We must all guard it bravely, and if you mean to be a good American you



must respect the flag, and the things that belong to it."

Luigi dropped his ax-head to the grass. "Da boys maka da jokes to me," he said sullenly.

"I know they did," said Miles. "You let them make you want to be bad, Luigi. But now we've come to make you glad to be a good American!"

The boys had been so busy that they had not noticed the neighborhood children gathering around them.

"Luigi has a flag!" cried one.

"Luigi is an American now!" cried another.

"You left your nice flag there on the pole," said Miles, as he went toward home with Alec and Russel a few minutes later.

"I didn't know what else to do!" answered Alec, soberly. "I just had to trust that Luigi'll do the square thing about it. If he thinks I mean him to keep it flying there, why I'll have to tell grandfather what's happened."

The last scrap of paper was picked from the yard, and the lawn was raked, and there wasn't a weed left in the gravel path, when Luigi came running with the folded flag in his arms.

"With the sun I pull him down! And to-morrow my father buya da flag to keep on my pole. Sure, you maka me glad to be da good American," he said.

Abbreviated Verse.

A woman of 12 st. 8 ozs.
Wears dear little bells on her floz;
Most sweet is the sound
As she waltzes around;
But what must it be when she bozs!

London Sketch.

All the More Reason.

"Why, gentlemen," thundered a Parliamentary candidate, "my opponent hasn't a leg to stand on."

"All the more reason why he should have a seat," came a voice from the rear.

Starlings.

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

O, You should see our starling row High up upon our church, you know! The birds upon the belfry tall, Are so far off they look quite small; But when down low where I can see, They seem as large as they can be.

O, you should see our starling row, In summer sun or winter snow! They do not mind a good, stiff breeze, But blossom out on all our trees; And whistle softly in a way That cheers you up and makes you gay.

O, you should see our starling row, When crumbs upon the ground I throw! Those blossom birds come down so thick, And eat as fast as they can pick! Their speckly coats all shine so blue, I know their hearts must all be true.

O, you should see our starling row, When off to bed the birds all go! They sit in such a cheerful line, Where they can catch the last sunshine; And when the night begins to creep, In belfry tall they go to sleep.

Wrong Pigeon-holes.

BY KATE S. GATES.

"GEE!" said Phil Tucker. "I wish to goodness Rob would let things alone. The garage door hasn't been working right, and he has been trying to fix it and has only made a bad matter worse. I could have fixed it in five minutes if he had let it alone; now it will take half the morning. I don't see how on earth Rob could bungle so!"

Uncle Phil opened his mouth to speak and then apparently thought better of it and made no comment whatever.

"O Rob," called Phil in distress that evening, "do come and help me on my geometry; I cannot do anything with it and I have worked on it an hour or two."

"Why," said Rob, after a hurried glance, "that's as easy as falling off a log." In a few moments the troublesome problem was solved and Rob went off whistling.

"Rob's a crackerjack at problems," said Phil with a sigh of relief.

"And yet you thought he bungled things badly when he tried to fix the door," said Uncle Phil, quietly. "You see, my boy, there are diversities of gifts; one excels in one thing, one in another. I remember reading, not long since, a little story about a famous scientist. He went to his club one day with his face covered with patches of court-plaster, and of course his friends immediately wanted to know what had happened. 'It is a strange thing, but I was shaved this morning,' he said, 'by a man rather above the ordinary run of barbers, I suppose. At least I know that he took a Double First at Oxford, and he is a frequent contributor to the best scientific periodicals. Also he is a man of rather high social position.'

"Well, he certainly is not much of a barber, for all that," said one of the group.

"No, my friends, he is not. Without hesitation I pronounce him the poorest barber I ever had. To tell the truth, I shaved myself this morning."

"I fancy that is often the trouble."



THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button must send a two-cent stamp when requesting another.

1726 EAST FIRST STREET,
DULUTH, MINN.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church in Duluth. I don't have to go very far,—only across the street. Mr. Adlard is our minister. He has three children and we are great friends. The oldest is Olive, and the next Monica, and the youngest Eric. Monica, Eric, and I go to the Salter School. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade. Monica is twelve and in the eighth. Eric is in the eighth, too; he is eleven. I should like to hear from some one from another city; I think it is a good way to get acquainted.

Yours sincerely,
ALEXANDRA MACHARG.

2725 DWIGHT WAY,
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club and wear a button. I am eleven years old and I am in the junior girls' class. There are ten, counting our teacher, in our class. Our teacher is very nice to us all. Our Sunday school is not very large, so we are trying to get it bigger. We have

People somehow get into the wrong pigeon-hole, so to speak, and bungle things badly. I read once that Captain Sigsbee was lamenting the fact that he could not make a speech. 'Whenever I am called upon to do,' he said, 'I feel like one of my sailors.' He was somehow induced to attend an afternoon tea once when on shore leave. When he returned to the ship his mates crowded around him eager to hear his experience.

"Did you really go?" asked one.

"I did," was the grim reply.

"How did you like it?"

"Well, I reckon I felt about like a sperm whale trying to crochet," was the sailor's reply.

"I often think of the poor fellow when I see any one trying to fit himself into the wrong pigeon-hole."

"Don't be too hard on Rob or any one else who fails to do something you can do easily. Rob has not any mechanical ingenuity, I'll admit!"

"But I take my hat off to him every time it comes to geometry or things of that sort," interrupted Phil.

"Good for you," said his uncle. "And let me make one more suggestion. It scarce becomes any of us to think our own pigeon-hole the only one, or even the most important, does it?"

To Our Beacon Club Members.

IT has come to our attention that some members of our Club are writing to other members whom they believe to be in better circumstances than themselves, asking for financial help. This we cannot allow. Every member of the Club is pledged to "helpfulness," and when

an attendance of about fifty or sixty, but we have an enrollment of about eighty, but they all do not come each time. Hoping I will soon get a button to wear.

Your little California girl,
MARION GORRILL.

50 ATHERTON STREET,
ROXBURY, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Jamaica Plain. I am twelve years old and I belong to the Junior Alliance.

I enjoy reading *The Beacon* very much.

Sincerely yours,
GRACE E. CROCKETT.

Other new members of our Club are Anne Padelford and Eloise Warner, Los Angeles, Calif.; Miriam R. Firkins, Edmonton, Alta., Canada; Margaret Beach, Cape Elizabeth, Me.; Arthur L. Wood, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Richard L. Renner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Walter Smith, Charleston, S.C. New members in Massachusetts are Elizabeth Blaisdell Andrews, Chicopee; Barbara W. Snell, Dedham; Barbara Eaton, Hyde Park; Phoebe Coombs, Norwell; Miriam Josephine Blake, Roslindale.

cases of real need are personally known we should hope that our boys and girls would wish to give such assistance as is in their power. But neither they nor we are in a position to know whether or not such appeals, from those living at a distance, are from deserving people, nor can we make the necessary investigation. Where such requests are made we shall be obliged to ask that the correspondence be discontinued.

Church School News.

AT Long Beach, Calif., the church school of the Unitarian church is growing steadily. Miss Helen Upton is superintendent of the school and is carrying on its work with great pleasure and benefit to all the children who attend.

The Christmas observance of our church school at Springfield, Mass., came on Sunday, December 18. A regular session of the school was held at the usual hour before the morning service. At 4:30 in the afternoon, a Christmas pageant was presented. The herald who recited the poems and passages which introduced the scenes was a member of the school. The pageant episodes were very well arranged and lighted and the whole presentation was very impressive. The church was well filled and many children not in the church school were in the audience. The candle-lighting service which has grown to be a feature in a number of our schools, having been introduced in the method in which it was first used at Concord, N.H., was also observed. The school is thoroughly well graded and organized under the superintendence of Mr. Clarence A. Burt.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XXXV.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 4, 3, 12, 6, is thin.

My 8, 9, 10, 16, 33, 14, 13, is the wide mouth of a river.

My 11, 19, 17, 1, 23, 14, is a season.

My 2, 15, 4, 4, 34, is used for decorating.

My 5, 18, 18, is strange.

My 35, 23, 24, 10, 29, 27, is a girl's name.

My 30, 31, 29, 32, is to cook in a certain way.

My 21, 22, 16, 20, is in this way.

My 24, 25, 16, 28, is closed.

My 27, 36, 37, 38, is an important city of Europe.

My 7, 26, 33, 10, is an animal.

My whole is a familiar saying.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

ENIGMA XXXVI.

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 1, 14, 19, is a box.

My 21, 9, 18, is an evergreen tree.

My 6, 10, 23, 20, is not foolish.

My 5, 7, 15, is a metal.

My 12, 4, 3, is a weight.

My 13, 17, 22, is a garden tool.

My 8, 2, 16, is to observe.

My 7, 11, is a preposition.

My whole is a Biblical proverb.

ELLEN S. CALL.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a wild animal, and leave a part of its body.

2. Behead a product of the dairy, and leave a quantity of stationery.

3. Behead to wander from the accustomed path, and leave an article of domestic use; behead again and leave a glimmer.

4. Behead an important article of furniture, and leave what requires much time and attention in a fashionable lady's toilet; behead again, and leave what is essential to life.

5. Behead an article of furniture, and leave an adjective expressing ability.

6. Behead an adjective meaning skilful, and leave a mechanical power; behead again, and leave an indefinite period of time; curtail this word and leave a woman of great antiquity.

M. W. C.

ANAGRAM COUPLET.

Raed ot eb rute, tonginh nac eden a ell;
A lufat ichwh sneed ti somt sorgw wot
heberty.

E. O. S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 17.

ENIGMA XXXII.—It is more blessed to give than to receive.

ENIGMA XXXIII.—*The Beacon.*

BEHEADINGS.—1. T-wig. 2. S-hip. 3. M-ink.

4. H-eim. 5. B-ark. 6. T-reason.

RIDDLE.—Compass.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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